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DECEIVERS EVER

By Gwendolen Overton.

IT IS all a mistake to suppose that good judgment and a level head are the outcome of experience. They are born, not acquired. The man of the world who has tried all things and held fast that which is bad may go all to pieces over some Henrietta, through whose wiles the green boy from the country district would see in an instant. The capitalist and the bank president fall victim to quite as many bunco games as the farmer and the cowboy. And the same lack of rule holds good in the world of women. The blushing maiden from a French convent may be quite as able to take care of herself as the young woman who has absorbed modern fiction, seen men and manners of many sorts and been given her own head in all things. It is a matter of common sense and intuition, and it all depends upon the girl.

But Miss Porter's father did not see that. He had theories to the contrary, and he believed in letting a girl from her earliest infancy see all she wanted of the world, that, having attained to maturity, she might be able to judge accurately for herself. It was a comfortable theory, moreover, and saved Judge Porter trouble. There were those—certain neighbors and friends of little Miss Porter's deceased mother—who would not admit that it was a theory at all. They said that Porter neglected his only child and let her run wild.

At the age of five little Miss Porter was a gourmet; smoked her cigarettes with an air, and swore fluently. But at the age of 20 she was as innocent—if not as ignorant—as the aforesaid convent maiden is popularly supposed to be.

It was at this period that she met Calverley. He was English, and handsome and agreeable. One of her not entirely unobjectionable girl friends had presented him, and, after the custom of America, and more especially of the west, nothing further was necessary. If Miss Porter thought about it at all she thought it would have been the height of folly and inhospitality to have asked further questions.

But by and by one of the aforesaid friends of her mother decided, after much prayer and fasting, that it was her obvious duty to warn Miss Porter, since there was no one else to do it. She trembled at the necessity. Once, in the days of Miss Porter's tender infancy, some other good advice had been met with a storm of bad language, at the mere memory of which the good lady had shuddered and shriveled ever since. But that had been long years before. Miss Porter's language was moderate now, not only moderate but slightly British, as appeared when she received her mother's friend and led her to a cozy corner and proceeded to brew tea.

The five-o'clock tea habit had never been very strong with Miss Porter. Doubtless it was another result of the influence of Calverley—who was just then in the library across the hall, smoking and reading and making himself entirely at home.

"I saw you at the theater the other night," began the elder woman.

"Yes," said Miss Porter.

"Who was the man you were with?"

It was the scandal of Miss Porter's set—which was a good one in spite of all—that she did without chaperons upon most occasions. "I daresay it was Mr. Calverley," said Miss Porter. She knew it was, and so did the other.

"Calverley? Do I know him? What is the rest of his name?"

Miss Porter tried not to look proud as she spoke the sonorous syllables and emphasized the hyphen. "It was Giles Hartpole Clayton-Calverley," she said.

"Oh!" said her mother's friend; "and where is he from?"

He was from England, from London.

"Oh!" she said again; "and who is he?"

Miss Porter informed her that he was well connected—splendidly connected. She was a little vague, but that was because she could not keep all the names at her tongue's end.

How had she met him? It was becoming decidedly cross-questioning, and Miss Porter raised her brows. There was the same look in the baby-blue eyes beneath them that had preceded the evil language years ago. But she was quite deadly civil now. "I met him through a friend. Were you at the dance last night?" she said.

"I'll tell you about that later. Tell me about Mr. Calverley first, dear. Are you perfectly sure about him? One has to be so careful of these Englishmen who are not properly accredited."

Miss Porter laughed—a haughty laugh. Not properly accredited, indeed! A friend of the prince, a relative of more or less half the peerage, on nickname terms with all sorts of dukes, and lords, and things, a man of his perfectly apparent means! Not properly accredited, indeed! Her rebuke was terrible, though brief. She mentioned her own judgment and knowledge of the world, and her mother's friend withdrew, baffled yet doubting.

As she went she caught sight of Calverley in a big leathern chair before the fire, smoking his briar pipe, and that night she told her husband about it. "What can John Porter be thinking of?" she demanded.

"His own troubles, perhaps," he suggested.

"The man is taking possession of the whole place."

Her husband dropped into poetry:

"'His easy, unswept hearth he leads
From Labrador to Guadaloupe;
Till, elbowed out by sloven friends,
He camps, at sufferance, on the sloop.'

"Some one ought to put a stop to it."

"Don't you be the some one, then. Let her work out her own—salvation. If she is in love with him, she'll do as she likes; if she isn't, it won't matter."

There was presently no doubt about her being in love with him. She was frank in most things, was Miss Porter. There was but one matter in which she could bring herself to dissemble, and only then because Calverley impressed the great necessity for it upon her. He explained that though he loved her to madness and must marry her, there were sometimes reasons which Americans could not understand why it was best for Englishmen who were friends of the prince, and so very well connected as he was, to keep their marriages secret for a time.

The girl from the French convent might have seen through that. But Miss Porter believed it. Anyway, the notion of an elopement rather appealed to her Californian love of the picturesque. Upon the day set she went over across the bay with a light heart and made her way to the sequestered spot where he was to meet her and take her to the church. He was not there. She waited, but he did not come.

At sunset she recrossed the bay alone, a sadder but not yet a wiser girl. Such was her judgment and knowledge of the world that she thought Calverley must have met with some horrible accident.

A note which she found at the house explained otherwise. It was all about circumstances over which he had no control, and sudden financial reverses, and how he should always love her and cherish her memory. Miss Porter believed it. And her heart was broken—really broken. She even went so far as to be desperately ill for six weeks. At the end of which time she came forth again, pale, subdued and wilted, but with unshaken faith in Calverley.

The faith remained unshaken through long months of silence, a silence so profound that she thought it must be of the grave, and decided that he had probably killed himself. But one day that happened which filled her constant heart with hope once more.

"I say," a man said to her, casually, "I saw your friend, Clayton-Calverley, down south the other day."

Miss Porter turned white, after the most approved fashion of the shilling shocker, and clutched at her throat. The man very naturally wondered what the deuce he had gotten into, anyway, and explained, in answer to her hoarse entreaty, that he had been in Randsburg on business and had met the Britisher in the street.

Miss Porter asked if he lived there.

"Give it up. I didn't speak to him and he didn't see me. Only he doesn't go by the name of Clayton-Calverley down there. They call him Myers."

Now, she was a young woman who had always done exactly as she pleased without asking anyone's leave—frequently for the excellent reason that there was no one about of whom to ask it. Such was at present the case. Judge Porter was away, to be gone indefinitely. So she packed her own bag and bought her own ticket, and took that night's express for the south, and in due time the stage set her down in the town of Randsburg, where her appearance—although she was gowned with what had seemed shabby simplicity in San Francisco—caused considerable excitement and some little levity.

The hotel man was very civil, however, when she asked where she could find a man named Myers. He took her out into the street and pointed out a small, unpainted house some distance away. "That there's his shack," he told her, with a distinct note of inquiry in his voice, which she chose to ignore; "but he's on day shift, and he won't come up until six o'clock."

So she went to her room and threw herself on the bunk and waited until six o'clock. It began to be borne in upon her that she had done a decidedly bold thing even for her, and the way out of it was not altogether apparent. But then Calverley would show her that; and at six o'clock she went in search of him.

It was very much of a shack, indeed, his place of abode. Her soul yearned toward him, that she should have lived in luxury all these months, the while his fortunes had been so low as this. It was also a very untidy woman who opened the shaky door in answer to her not too confident knock; an untidy woman and weary-looking, but pretty withal, and young. And the two children who clung to her skirt were pretty, also. There was a third child. It was sitting on Calverley's knee before a red-covered supper table, and Calverley was feeding it something. He sat with the spoon poised, and a blank look in his eyes.

A terrible misgiving took hold of Miss Porter. With most women it would have been a certainty. "Giles!" she wailed, losing all presence of mind.

But he kept his. It was not the first trying situation he had lived through, though it was, perhaps, the most so. He rose from his chair and spilled the child. His voice rose above its injured howl. "Miss Porter!" he exclaimed. "How charming! How unexpected! Let me present my wife—Mrs. Myers, Miss Porter."

She tried hard to take it well, to accept her cue from him and turn the tragedy of her life into a society skit, after the manner of women and of the day. But she failed. When she opened her mouth to speak no words would come, and she fell forward into Mrs. Myers' arms.

Mrs. Myers was very kind to her. She took her back to the hotel and stopped there with her that night. "You should not be here all alone," she said, in her sweet English voice. And when the girl started to sobbingly explain she checked her. "I understand," she said; "you need not tell me. He had sold a claim well and he went away to have a 'good time.'" She looked at Miss Porter with a wistful sort of pity and admiration. "And I dare say," she added, "that he had it."—San Francisco Argonaut.

OF DIVINE ORIGIN.

Dr. Talmage's Reasons for His Belief in the Scriptures.

The Good Accomplished in the World as an Evidence—An Answer to Agnosticism—Prophecies Fulfilled.

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Washington.

In the great conflict now raging in Europe as in this country between Christianity and agnosticism Dr. Talmage has taken a decided stand, and in this sermon declares his unwavering belief in the divine origin of the Scriptures; text, Matthew, 7:16, "Do men gather grapes of thorns?"

Not in this country. Not in any country. Thorns stick, thorns lacerate, but all the thorns put together never yielded one cluster of Catawba or Isabella grapes. Christ, who was the master of apt and potent illustration, is thus setting forth what you and I well know, that you cannot get that which is pleasant and healthful and good from that which is bad. If you find a round, large, beautiful cluster of grapes, you know that it was produced by a good grapevine and not from a tangle of Canada thistle. Now, if I can show you that this holy Bible yields good fruit, healthful fruit, splendid fruit, you will come to the conclusion that it is a good Bible, and all the arguments of the skeptic against it when he tries to show it is a bad book will go overboard.

"Do men gather grapes of thorns?" Can a bad book yield good results? Skeptics with great vehemence declare that the Bible is a cruel book. They read the story of the extermination of the Canaanites and of all the ancient wars and of the history of David and Joshua, and they come to the conclusion that the Bible is in favor of laceration and manslaughter and massacre. Now, a bad book will produce a bad result, a cruel book will produce a cruel result.

You have friends who have been in the habit of reading the Bible a great many years. Have you noticed a tendency to cruelty on their part? Have you ever heard any of them come out and practically say: 'I have been reading the story about the extermination of the Canaanites, and I am seized upon with a disposition to cut and slash and maul and pinch and murder and knock to pieces everything I can lay my hands on?" Have your friends in proportion as they become diligent Bible students and disciples of the Christ of the Bible shown a tendency toward massacre and murder and manslaughter? Has that been your observation?

What has been the effect upon your children of this cruel book? Or if you do not allow the book to be read in your household, what has been the effect upon the children of other households where the word of God is honored? Have they as a result of reading this cruel book gone forth with a cruel spirit to pull the wings of flies and to pinion grasshoppers and to rob birds' nests? A cruel book ought to make cruel people. If they diligently read it and get absorbed with its principles that cause must produce that effect. At what time did you notice that the teachings of this holy Bible created cruelty in the heart and the life of George Peabody, of Miss Dix, of Florence Nightingale, of John Howard, of John Frederick Oberlin, of Abbot Laurence? Have you noticed in reading the biography of these people that in proportion as they became friends of the Bible they became enemies to humanity? Have you not, on the contrary, noticed that all the institutions of mercy established or being established were chiefly supported by the friends of this book? There is the hospital in war time. There are 20 Christian women. They are binding up wounds; they are offering cordials; they are kneeling down by the dying praying for their departed spirits. Where does the cruelty crop out? They have been reading the Bible all their lives. They read it every morning; they read it every night; they carry it under their arm when they go into the hospital.

Where does the cruelty of the book crop out? Is it in the gentleness of their step? Is it in the cadence of their voice? Is it in the sympathetic prayer they offer at the bedside of the dying? Your common sense tells you that a cruel book must produce cruel results. When you can make a rose leaf stab like a bayonet, and when you can manufacture icicles out of the south wind, and when you can poison your tongue with honey got from blossoming buckwheat, then you can get cruelty out of the Bible. That charge of the skeptics falls flat in the presence of every honest man.

Again, infidels go on and most vehemently charge that this Bible is an impure book. You all know that an impure book produces impure results. No amount of money could hire you to allow your child to read an unclean book. Now, if this Bible be an impure book, where are the victims? Your father read it—did it make him a bad man? Your mother read it—did it make her a bad woman? Your sister 15 years in Heaven died in the faith of this gospel—did it despoil her nature? Some say there are 200,000,000 copies of the Bible in existence, some say there are 400,000,000 copies of the Bible. It is impossible to get the accurate statistics, but suppose there are 200,000,000 copies of the Bible abroad, this one book read more than any 20 books that the world ever printed, this book abroad for ages, for centuries—where are the victims? Show me 1,000. Show me 500 victims of an impure book. Show me 100 despoiled of the Bible. Show me 50. Show me ten. Show me two. Show me one! Two hundred million copies of an impure book and not one victim of the impurity! On the contrary, you know very well that it is where the Bible has the most power that the family institution is most respected.

Again, agnostics go on still further, and they say the Bible is a mass of contradictions, and they put prophet against prophet, evangelist against evangelist, apostle against apostle, and they say if this be true, how, then, can that be true? Mr. Mill, who was a friend of the Bible, said he had discovered 30,000 different readings of the Scriptures, and yet not one important difference—not one important difference out of 30,000—only the difference that you might expect from the fact that the book came down from generation to generation and was copied by a great many hands. And yet I put before you this fact to-day, that all the Bible writers agree in the four great doctrines of the Bible.

What are those four great doctrines? God—good, kind, patient, just, loving, omnipotent. Man—a lost sinner. Two destinies—one for believers, the other for unbelievers; all who accept Christ reaching that home and only those destroyed who destroy themselves; only those who turn their back upon Christ and come to the precipice and jump off, for God never pushes a man off, he jumps off. Now, in these four great doctrines all the Bible writers agree. Mozart, Beethoven, Handel and Hadyn never wrote more harmonious music than you will find in this perfect harmony of the Word of God, the harmony in providence and in grace.

You must remember also that the authors of the Bible came from different lands, from different ages and from different centuries. They had no communication with each other; they did not have an idea as to what was the chief design of the Bible, and yet their writings, got up from all these different lands and all these different ages and all these different centuries, coming together make a perfect harmony in the opinion of the very best scholars of all lands. Is not that a most remarkable fact?

The Bible is made up of the Old Testament and the New Testament. Let us take the New Testament first. Why do I believe it? Why do I take it to my heart? It is because it can be traced back to the Divine heart just as easily as that aisle can be traced to that door, and that aisle to that door.

Jerome and Eusebius in the first century and Origen in the second century and other writers in the third and fourth centuries gave a list of the New Testament writers just exactly corresponding with our list, showing that the same New Testament which we have they had in the fourth century and the third century and the second century and the first century. But where did they get the New Testament? They got it from Irenaeus. Where did Irenaeus get it? He got it from Polycarp. Where did Polycarp get it? He got it from St. John, who was the personal associate of the Lord Jesus Christ. My grandfather gave a book to my father, my father gave it to me, I give it to my child. Is there any difficulty in tracing this line?

On communion day I will start the chalice at that end of the aisle, and the chalice will pass along to the other end of the aisle. Will it be difficult to trace the line of that holy chalice? No difficulty at all. This one will say: "I gave it to that one," and this one will say: "I gave it to that one." But it will not be so long a line as this to trace the New Testament. It is easier to get at the fact. But you say: "Although this was handed right down in that way, who knows but they were lying impostors? How can you take their testimony?" They died for the truth of that Book. Men never die for a lie cheerfully and triumphantly. They were not lying impostors. They died in triumph for the truth of that New Testament.

"Well," says someone, "now I am ready to believe that the New Testament is from the heart of Christ, but how about the Old Testament? Why do you believe that?" I believe the Old Testament because the prophecies foretold events hundreds and thousands of years ahead—events which afterward took place. How far can you see ahead? Two thousand years? Can you see ahead a hundred years? Can you see ahead five minutes? No, no! Human prophecy amounts to nothing. Here these old prophets stood thousands of years back, and they foretold events which came accurately true far on in the future centuries. Suppose I should stand here and say to you: "Twenty-five hundred and sixty years from now three miles and a half from the city of Moscow, there will be an advent, and it will be in a certain family, and it will be amid certain surroundings." It would make no impression upon you because you know I cannot foresee a thousand years or one year or one minute, and I cannot tell what is going to transpire in a land far away. But that is what these old prophets did.

Besides all this, you must remember that the most of the writers of this book were uneducated men. How can you account for the fact that when Thomas Babington Macaulay, standing in the house of parliament in London, wanted to finish off a magnificent sentence he quoted from the fishermen of Galilee, or, sitting in his house, wanting to finish one of his great paragraphs of history, he quoted the words of the fishermen of Galilee? Why is it that those uneducated men have more influence on modern times than all the scholars of antiquity? Because they were divinely inspired, because God stood back of them. They were not educated and scholarly. It was not by force of rhetoric that they triumphed, but to-day those humble fishermen, those uneducated fishermen, wield more influence in all our modern cities than any 25 men living in this generation and day. They must have been inspired. There must have been a Divine influence behind them, and before them, and above them, and within them.

Besides that, you must remember that this Book has been under fire for centuries, and after all the bombardment of the skeptics of all the centuries, they have not knocked out of this Bible a piece as large as the small end of a sharp needle. Oh, how the old Book sticks together. Unsanctified geologists try to pull away the book of Genesis. They say they do not believe it; it cannot be there was light before the sun shone; it cannot be all this story about Adam and Eve; and they pull at the book of Genesis, and they have been pulling a great while, yet where is the book of Genesis? Standing just where it stood all the time. There is not a man on earth who has ever erased it from his Bible.

Then all the undevout astronomers went to work to pull away the book of Joshua. They say: "That cannot be true, the sun's halting above Gibeon and the moon over the valley of Ajalon; it cannot be possible, we must pull that book of Joshua away." And they pull away at it, and they pull away at it, and yet what has become of the book of Joshua? Like the sun above Gibeon and like the moon over the valley of Ajalon, it stands still. All the undevout anatomists and physiologists get hold of the book of Jonah, and they pull away and they say: "That story about Jonah and the whale can't be true." Every infidel carries a harpoon especially for that whale, and they pull away at the book of Jonah, but where is the book of Jonah to-day? Just where it has been all the time—the grandest thing that was ever written to prove that when God sends a man to Ninevah, he cannot get to Tarshish, if God to stop him has to upset the Mediterranean sea with a cyclone.

And so the infidels have been trying to pull away the miracles, pulling away at the blasted fig tree, at the turning of the water into wine, at the raising of Lazarus from the dead. Can you show me a Bible from which one of these miracles has been erased? How marvelously the old Book sticks together! All the striking at these chapters only driving them in deeper until they are clinched on the other side with the hammers of eternity. And the Book is going to keep right on until the fires of the last day are kindled. Some of them will begin on one side and some on the other side of the old Book. They will not find a bundle of loose manuscripts easily consumed by fire. When the fires of the last day are kindled, some will burn on this side, from Genesis toward Revelation, and others will burn on this side, from Revelation toward Genesis, and in all their way they will not find a single chapter or a single verse out of place. That will be the first time we can afford to do without the Bible. What will be the use of the book of Genesis, descriptive of how the world was made, when the world is destroyed? What will be the use of the prophecies when they are all fulfilled? What will be the use of the evangelistic or Pauline description of Jesus Christ when we see Him face to face? What will be the use of His photograph when we have met Him in glory? What will be the use of the book of Revelation, standing, as you will, with your foot on the glassy sea and your hand on the ringing harp and your forehead chapleted with eternal coronation amid the ameythstine and 12-gated glories of Heaven? The emerald dashing its green against the beryl and the beryl dashing its blue against the sapphire and the sapphire throwing its light on the jacinth and the jacinth dashing its fire against the chrysoprase and you and I standing in the chorus of 10,000 sunsets.

But I do not think we will give up the Bible even at that time. I think we will want the Bible in Heaven. I really think the fires of the last day will not consume the last copy, for when you and I get our dead children out of the dust we want to show them just the passages, just the promises, which comforted us here in the dark day of interment, and we will want to talk over with Christians who have had trials and struggles, and we will want to show them the promises that especially refreshed us. I think we shall have the Bible in Heaven.

Oh, I want to hear David with his own voice read, "The Lord is my Shepherd." I want to hear Paul with his own voice read, "Thanks be unto God that giveth us the victory." I want to hear the archangel play Paul's march of the resurrection with the same trumpet with which he awoke the dead. O blessed Book, good enough for earth, good enough for Heaven. Dear old book—Book bespattered with the blood of martyrs who died for its defense—Book sprinkled all over with the tears of those who by it were comforted. Put it in the hand of your children on their birthday. Put it on the table in the sitting-room when you begin to keep house. Put it under your head when you die. Dear old Book! I press it to my heart, I press it to my lips.

"Where shall I go?" said a dying Hindoo to the Brahmitic priest to whom he had given money to pray for his salvation. "Where shall I go after I die?" The Brahmitic priest said: "You will first of all go into a holy quadruped." "But," said the dying Hindoo, "where shall I go then?" "Then you shall go into a singing bird." "But," said the dying Hindoo, "where then shall I go?" "Then," said the Brahmitic, "you will go into a beautiful flower." The dying Hindoo threw up his arms in an agony of solicitude as he said: "But where shall I go last of all?" Thank God, this Bible tells the Hindoo, tells you, tells me, not where I shall go to-day, not where I shall go to-morrow, not where I shall go next year, but where I shall go last of all!

Look Up.

The only safe way to climb life's ladder is to keep looking up.—Ram's Horn.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Courtship is a transport which three passengers greatly overcrowd.—Chicago Democrat.

When a clock is wound up it goes—but it is different with any other business.—Chicago Daily News.

"Her five o'clock was informal." "Decidedly. I doubt if anybody went away hungry."—Detroit Journal.

Powerful.—"What a slender little thing she is." "Yes, but you'd be surprised if you were to see some of the big men she has thrown over."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Musician," of Waverly, wants to know how to discover "whether or not her piano keys are ivory or celluloid." Touch them carefully with a lighted match. If they are celluloid you should then call the fire department.—Baltimore American.

The young reporter had been duly impressed with the necessity of "keeping inside" the libel laws. But it seemed like straining a point when, in writing of a funeral, he said: "The alleged corpse was interred with full honors."—Baltimore American.

When a baby cries at an entertainment, turn around and look disapprovingly at its mother. She is not pinching it to make it cry, is trying her best to hush it, and probably had no one to leave it with at home, but that makes no difference. By no means remember that you were a baby once yourself.—Atchison Globe.

"Funny thing about the Indian character," said the gray-haired man with the crow's feet around his eyes. "If you do an Indian a favor he will soon insist on another favor because you befriended him before." "Huh!" said the man with the red nose. "Say! They ought to make great professional politicians, oughtn't they?"—Indianapolis Press.

GENTLENESS NOT A VIRTUE.

Some Cases Brought to Notice In Which It Is Singularly Out of Place.

A young man at the art school had just finished painstakingly sharpening three or four sticks of charcoal for one of the girl students, says the Boston Transcript.

"Anything more I can do for you?" he asked, lingeringly.

"No, I thank you; it was just splendid of you to do this for me."

With a bow and a timid smile of pleasure the young man moved away.

"Isn't he a real nice boy?" asked the girl who had been favored of her friend who sat at the next easel.

"No," was the uncompromising answer of the next girl, who was older and possessed of more vigorous views.

"Why—why—"

"No; he's not a nice boy; he's a real nice girl. He's the most negative specimen of a young man I ever saw. Why, if another fellow stepped purposely on his toes he'd apologize for being in the way."

"But he's gentle and of very sweet disposition," argued the first girl.

"Granted, but he might be all that and still be a little more of a man. Now, what I like in the way of a man is one who is noble, gentle, chivalrous and generous, but with plenty of firmness and with strong, well-defined views on every subject. A man should always be at the positive pole; make him negative and he isn't a man. Your real nice boy is 'nice' because he's too meek to be anything else. I've been watching him for some time, and do you know what I've had an aching desire to do?"

"No; what?"

"I long to go up behind him, hit him a hard slap between the shoulders and urge him to brace up. Of course it would be rude," finished the older girl with a sigh.

"I have a married friend who has a boy of ten," resumed the older girl, after a pause, during which she industriously filled in several square inches with light and shade. "Her boy was inclined to belong to your 'real nice girl' sort of being. Of course it followed that other youngsters 'picked upon' him a great deal. His mother paid for a course of instruction in the manly art for him. Then she told him that every time he got into a fight she would give him a quarter."

"Horrible!" shivered the other girl. "That would make a regular bully of him, I should think."

"It hasn't had that effect. He isn't of the bullying kind. He's muscular now, though his build is so slight that one would not suspect him of strength. He's gaining in firmness and quickness of decision, and his mother tells me that her conscience doesn't trouble her a bit. One of the greatest parental crimes, she thinks, is to turn a girl-boy out into the world. He's only imposed upon now by boys who don't know him—and they never try it a second time. I'm in love with that mother, and her son, whom I used to secretly detest, now challenges my admiration."

"I—I don't know," said the younger girl, dubiously. It is a doubtful matter, to be sure. But there is no doubt that most women like a man or a boy who can fight on occasion.

An Idle Girl's Question.

She said she knew better, but that was afterward. At the time she was earnestly inquiring into the ways of nature. They stood outside the fence of the buffalo pen in Lincoln park—she and the man and some others. Before she spoke she scarcely noticed the presence of the others. After it happened she thought the others numbered a thousand. The animals lay idly blinking in the sunshine and the girl as idly asked this question: "Do they make buffalo robes out of the hair that falls off their backs?" The crowd began to shout and the man to blush. The girl protested it was a joke. Perhaps it was, but the man found the point too dull for his wits.—Chicago Chronicle.

Lincoln Talk That Didn't Go.

That altruism has no place in end-of-the-century politics was illustrated in the last aldermanic campaign. One night it fell to the lot of William E. O'Neill, the young attorney who was recently honored with the republican nomination for congress in the Third district, to address a meeting of colored citizens in behalf of his friend, William Hale Thompson, who was running for alderman in the Second ward. During the course of his eloquent speech Mr. O'Neill took occasion to remind the brethren of the great debt they owed to the republican party and to its patron saint, the martyred president, who had stricken the shackles from the limbs of their forebears. "Jes' stop right heah, Mistah Speakah," interrupted a man in the front row. "They's no doubt about the gemman bein' a powahful oratah, but I want to tell him this heah Lincoln talk doan' go; it doan' buy no clothes for the missus nor no shoes for de chillun."—Chicago Chronicle.

To Meet the Scenery.

Mr. T. Erribleigh Swell told his stenographer to write a note to a friend of his, asking him to dine "al fresco." The young lady put her Libby novel where she could reach it, and tapped off:

"You are requested to dine with Mr. Albert Fresco at my home to-morrow evening. Yours as ever, T. Erribleigh Swell."

For she was a young woman who believed in being respectful, even when speaking of scenery.—Baltimore American.

"Land of the Sky"

In Western North Carolina, between the Blue Ridge on the east and the Alleghanies on the west, in the healthful valley of the French Broad, two thousand feet above the sea, lies Asheville, beautiful, picturesque and world-famed as one of the most pleasant resorts in America. It is a land of bright skies and incomparable climate, whose praises have been sung by poets, and whose beauties of stream, valley and mountain height have furnished subject and inspiration for the painter's brush. This is truly the "Land of the Sky," and there is perhaps no more beautiful region on the continent to attract pleasure tourists or health seekers. Convenient schedules and very low rates to Asheville via Southern Railway.

The Round and the Square.

The large, imposing woman found her husband in the last saloon but one.

"Well, I've rounded you up at last!" she hissed.

"Oh, I can square myself, all right!" exclaimed the man, with a thin affectation of nonchalance.

He even affected to laugh, which rendered him a more pitiful spectacle than ever.—Detroit Journal.